

Washington Historical Society Newsletter

SPRING 2014 EDITION

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Presidents Message

We are still looking for signs of SPRING ! We are going down as the coldest March on record here in Washington. However I don't think that those that left for warmer climes found that their expectations were met either. There were times this winter when we were warmer than Texas, Louisiana, and Georgia. Where was Al Gore and his Global Warming invention ? The North American continent surely wasn't experiencing it.

I have just recently seen a few sap buckets being hung on the maples so a few are going to chance a 'sugaring season', however a few others have decided that this year it is a lost cause.

The Program Committee has been working to bring us a varied assortment of informative programs. And the Museum committee is working as well for their exhibit.

Thanks also to Richard and Tom for their regular features for the newsletter. And To the other contributors as well, we get good feedback on our Newsletter and the articles within.

I would encourage our members to try to bring guests and neighbors to our meetings to boost attendance and possibly membership. And to introduce new property owners to our organization. Possibly we could take the initiative to make welcome packets to hand out to let newcomers know what the town has to offer.

Here is to a successful season ahead of us.

Phil Barker

Timber Cutting – Then & Now

by Richard Crane

Back in 1909, when my great-grandfather, William Tryon, purchased “Spring Meadow” farm in Hillsborough Upper Village, there was a steam-operated sawmill on the property.

This farm, today, is called the “Tyron farm” and is where Roger and Bets Crane live, approximately 300 acres of the farm is forestland.

This past year we decided it was time to do a 16” diameter cut. That means to cut everything 16” or larger in diameter, to give the remaining smaller and younger trees a better chance to grow. What a lot of growth had occurred since the last harvest in the early 1900’s. Some trees were over 32 “ in diameter.

Today logs like these are harvested with big power skidders, excavators, shears and large trucks that haul the logs to stationary mills, some as far away as Canada.

Eddie Thayer in E. Washington is one of a handful of people in the area that still use a horse to pull out the logs making a less damaging work area to the landscape.

Modern mills do not want 8 to 10 foot logs, 16-foot logs are the preferred length, as the mills can turn out more lumber in a much shorter period of time. The shorter logs can be sawed by portable Band Saw mills which are becoming more popular in the landscape. The thin blades will produce some 20% more lumber per log and do a good job. I understand there is another portable mill coming to the area in the near future.



Eddie Thayer logging with his team.

Richard Crane measuring a 32” log, 16’ long with a 28” diameter top. Many of the trees were over 100’ tall. Improvement cutting also provided some 100 cords of “sugar” wood for our use.



Reminiscing

by Jim Gaskell

Richard Crane's article on lumbering brought back many happy memories of my younger days in East Concord, NH. Lumbering in the 1930's was done with two-man crosscut saws, sledgehammers, wedges, peavies, cant-dogs, sleds, chains, horses, axes and a lot of muscles. My nearest neighbor, Roland Dymont, would twitch the logs from where they were cut to the "landing" area where they would be stored waiting to be hauled to the sawmill.

I was always amazed how the horse, once she had made a few trips to the landing with the logs, would go by herself. Rollie would lay the reins over her back, pat the horse on the rump and off she would go for another log. If the horse did not return in a reasonable time he would walk up the trail to find out why. Occasionally the log which was attached to the whiffle tree by chain would get caught on a stump or a rock, or she might step over the traces and she would patiently wait for Rollie to solve the problem so she could be on her way again.

If I knew Rollie was twitching, I would walk to the woods and at the end of the day he would let me ride the old horse back to his place. All I had to do was sit on the back of a nice warm horse that was anxious to get home to a well earned meal.

Another experience I always looked forward to when I was around ten years old, was going to a sawmill camp for a week in the summer. We had only one permanent, water powered, sawmill in the area and it never seemed real busy. Most of the mills were portable, they would move into an area and stay for a short while, or up to a couple of years, then would move somewhere else when the job was done. The people working in the saw mill and also those working in the woods, would bring in little shacks to live in. They would haul them into where they were working in the woods, take them off the trucks and that would be their home while they were on that job.

Our friends had two camps; their sons had found other work and were not living with them, so the second camp was used as a "guest house". For a few summers this gave me the chance to spend a week or so with them.

I was not allowed to help around the mill but I enjoyed watching the whole process. You carried your water from a nearby brook or spring. I do remember that water in a brook is not very warm for a Saturday night bath.

The camps generally had an oil stove to cook on, a built-in table, two chairs, a bed, a stand to put a bucket of water and a dishpan on, a kerosene lamp, and a lantern to light your way to the "privy" at night.

The camp I stayed in had two sets of bunk beds made of rough-cut pine, an oil lamp, and nothing else. Sometimes it got very hot, as there were only two small windows and a door to let air in. No screens. The outside and roof of these camps were covered with black tar paper. Most of these camps smelled of a mixture of tobacco smoke and kerosene. The one I stayed in smelled of pine sawdust.

Another memory I have of the wood industry is the first time I saw Berlin, NH, (I think I'd be more accurate to say, when I smelled it and *then* saw it) home of the Berlin Paper Mill with it's sky high piles of logs. I thought the Androscoggin River had gone dry. You could hardly see any water in the river for miles north of Berlin, it was so full of logs. The log drives in the spring are gone, but I still miss seeing them on my trips to what used to be my favorite fishing spots in the West Milan area and on the Nash Stream in Groveton.

Jim Gaskell with Richard Crane
at a pile of Richard's Logs.



Captain Samuel Jones

By Gwen Gaskell

In the fall issue of the newsletter I put an article in about Captain Jones. Actually, it was about his amputated leg, which is buried here in our Old Cemetery. I had looked on line and found a Samuel Jones, listed as dying in Fly Creek NY. So I sent a letter to that Historical Society asking for information.

Before hearing back from them I got a note from one of our newer members, saying that he had become “quite entranced by the Samuel Jones story”. He and some professional contacts were looking into the problem of where is the Captain? This would take time especially with winter setting in.

After my letter was received in NY, I had a phone call from a very nice lady in that Historical Society saying she would be passing my letter on to the President. In early January I got a call from the Fly Creek Historical Society President, Shirlee. She loved our mystery about Captain Jones and verified that they did in fact, have a Samuel M. Jones in their cemetery but he had died on March 22, 1844 at the age of 66, which meant he had been born in 1778.

Shirlee asked permission to reprint our article in their newsletter as a curiosity. I said “why not”, so their membership enjoyed it and it got people to wondering and looking into records. One lady was sorting some archive papers and found a genealogy inquiry from a man in Iceland, Yes ICELAND, back in 2010. He was the great-great-great grandson of the Fly Creek Samuel M. Jones and gave his wife’s name as Catherine and listed their children. None of that information matched up to “our” Captain, whom the Fly Creek folks started calling “ol’ peg leg”. We gave them many smiles during a long cold winter out there. I made a new friend in Shirlee, finding that we had many common interests other than our Historical Societies.

While preparing to write this article I contacted our “entranced” member to see if he had any information. He had just received confirmation that “OUR” Captain Samuel Jones, (who had no middle initial) is in FACT buried in NY with his wife, her mother and two grown children. He died April 12, 1851 at the age of 74.

Watch for the next issue of our newsletter to get the whole story and pictures, which will be provided by our “entranced” member.

Picture (circa 1930) The home where Captain Samuel Jones lived and operated a tavern from 1800 to 1803.

The house is the yellow one at the South side of the Library. After the Jones’ owned it, it was owned by the Trows, Harveys, Carmichaels, Tinkhams, Yuskos, Hennemuths, Bragdons, and is currently owned and for sale by Mr. Gannon.




There used to be a big barn in back of the house. The carriage shed was torn down in the late 1940’s.



Washington Historical Society Programs for 2013

2nd Monday of each month, April through November at Camp Morgan


Meeting Times:	6:00 - 7:00 P.M.	Pot Luck Supper
	7:00 - 7:30 P.M.	Business Meeting
	7:30 - 8:30 P.M.	Program

April 14	Mystery Meeting
May 12 	Vanishing Veterans - NH's Civil War Monuments and Memorials George Morrison located, inventoried and photographed the fascinating variety of NH's Civil War memorials. He shares his discoveries, from the earliest obelisks, to statuary and artillery, to murals, cast iron, stained glass and buildings from the 1860s through the 1920s.
June 9	Antique Dolls Marcia Leisure will speak on antique dolls and show some slides of a large collection. She will focus on the collection we have on display this summer at the museum and will appraise any dolls you wish to bring.
July 5	Flea Market and Pie Sale on the Town Common
July 14	The State of the Loon Tiffany Grade will discuss the life history of loons, the threats facing loons in New Hampshire, and the work of the Loon Preservation Committee to preserve and protect loons throughout the state. And, of course, questions are very welcome.
Aug. 11 	New Hampshire's One-Room Rural Schools: The Romance and the Reality Hundreds of one-room schools dotted the landscape of New Hampshire a century ago and were the backbone of primary education for generations of children. Revered in literature and lore, they actually were beset with problems, some of which are little changed today. Steve Taylor explores the lasting legacies of the one-room school and how they echo today.
Aug. 23	Pot Roast Dinner with all the fixings and dessert.
Sept. 8 	A Walk Back in Time - The Secret of Cellar Holes Northern New England is full of reminders of past lives: stone walls, old foundations, a century-old lilac struggling to survive as the forest reclaims a once-sunny dooryard. What forces shaped settlement, and later abandonment, of these places? Adair Mulligan explores the rich story to be discovered in what remains behind. See how one town has set out to create an inventory of its cellar holes.
Oct. 13	Historic Sites Survey Edna Feighner, Historical Archaeologist, will talk about how to locate, document, and create state-level recordation of the existing cellar holes, barn foundations and other associated features that indicate a community's presence. The specific objective is to encourage participants to explore the rich history of NH and their communities and appreciate that the past bears an important relationship to its environment and natural resources..
Nov. 10	Mystery Meeting

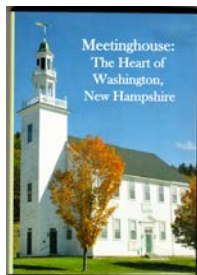
Museum & Barn Hours:	July & August, Saturdays 2 - 4 P.M. or by appointment anytime. Call Gwen (603) 495-3231 or Tom (603) 495-3284
District #5 School Hours:	July & August, Saturdays 1 - 3 P.M. or by appointment anytime. Call Gwen at 495-3231 or Charlotte Treadwell at 495-0800

ITEMS FOR SALE
FEATURING FAVORITE LANDMARKS OF
WASHINGTON, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Please order by mail, or call: Elaine Crandall (603) 495-3416, ecrandall@verizon.net
 Tom Talpey (603) 495-3284, ttalpey@gsinet.net
 Gwen Gaskell (603) 495-3231 jimgwen@gsinet.net

ITEM DESCRIPTION	PRICE
Tote Bag. This custom designed tapestry tote bag depicts the much photographed buildings on our Town Common. Tapestry woven in an array of beautiful colors, it measures a generous 17 1/2 inches square. Long 25 inch handles are easy on the shoulders. Lined, with inside pocket.	\$30.00
Pillow. Featuring the East Washington Baptist Church, the pillow is covered in tapestry woven in an array of beautiful colors. It measures a generous 16" x 16" and is offered with hunter green backing.	\$25.00
Puzzle. Our 494-piece, 14" x 19" puzzle is an aerial photograph of the Washington town center by Bill St. Pierre. A limited edition collectible.	\$5.00
Mug. White ceramic mug with sketch of the three steepled buildings in the center of Town. They are 11 ounce and can be used in the microwave and dishwasher. White mugs with black print.	\$5.00
Trivet. A 6" x 6" ceramic trivet, or tile, suitable for hot or cold, with a leather backing, featuring a color photograph of the three steepled buildings in the center of town. Gift boxed.	\$15.00
Gustine Hurd Images Postcards Two postcards have been generated, using copies of very old photographs taken in the early 1880s by Gustine Hurd. Also available as single fold notecards packaged in sets of four, including envelopes. Two of each or all four of the same image. Both the postcards and the folded notecards are 5 1/2 x 4 1/4 inches.	50¢ each \$5.00 per set
 <p>Glass Medallion – Suitable for a window hanging, depicting the Town Hall. Adapted from an early 1880s wet plate photograph made by Gustine L. Hurd. These 3 inch diameter medallions are available in Blue or Green.</p>	\$5.00 each

DVD Available



Meetinghouse: The Heart of Washington, New Hampshire

Few structures say “New England” as eloquently as does a classic eighteenth century Meetinghouse. The small hill town of Washington, New Hampshire, claims such a Meetinghouse. Erected on the 4th of July, 1787, it is still the heart of the town. In this film the town opens its heart to the world. It displays 225 years of affectionate, sometimes contentious, interplay between generations of Washington citizens and the Meetinghouse on the Town Common.

\$20 per DVD Shipping is: \$3 for one DVD plus \$2 for each additional.

All items can be shipped for an additional charge. Call or email Elaine Crandall or Tom Talpey at the contact info above to ascertain the amount required. It will be in the range of \$4 to \$10 per package, depending on your zip code.

Washington's Important People of the Past

By Gwen Gaskell, Archivist

For the past few years I have been writing about Clara and her diaries, which we have transcribed and gained quite a lot of information from.

Now I am going to start a new series about people who have a Washington background or connection. If you have heard of someone you would like to see an article about, please contact me and I will make a list.



Robert Mungall of Massachusetts married Mildred Morey the great niece, of "our" Clara and the granddaughter of her sister Maria who lived where the Sargeant's do now on Half Moon Pond Road.

In 1930 Robert Mungall worked for General Electric and he was one of a team chosen to go to Russia and help with their "rebuilding" after World War I. His wife Mildred and ten year old daughter Janet, were allowed to go with him and they were even allowed to take their dog "Laddie". They departed from New York on June 4th 1930 on the United States Lines, SS America. There were over 200 gold star mothers on board going to France.

We have a wonderful collection of the letters Mildred sent home to her mother, Clara, which have been transcribed by our very patient volunteer Vivian Hunter. We certainly appreciate all the work.

In the first letter Mildred tells about the trip, lots of food, seeing other ships in the distance, playing shuffleboard and other games on deck, dancing and movies. Laddie, the dog, travels "down in the front of the boat where the sailors are. He has had a bath and all the men like him." The next letter, postmarked June 17th says they will land in Plymouth, England to let some passengers off the next day, the following day a stop in France then the next night they would be in Hamburg, Germany. They were enjoying the trip but would be glad to land.

Landing in Hamburg, they stayed at a hotel near a lovely lake then the next day took a train, which was called the fastest train in the world, to Berlin. They spent a few days there waiting to meet up with other people also working for G.E. They did a bit of shopping and were told to remove all tags so clothing wouldn't look new or it may be taken when they get to Russia. During the week in Berlin they did lots of sight seeing and reported everything beautiful. Next they spent a week in Moscow and were finally in Kharkow, Russia for 3 months.

In Kharkow the apartment was sparsely furnished and no one spoke English. They did get a translator but it was difficult to convey the meaning. They were provided a maid, a 23 year old who did the shopping and much of the cooking and they report that she is a friendly girl who works for 4 days then has the 5th day off.

From a letter dated August 9

We have been very busy for the last two days as our baggage has arrived. Wednesday p.m. Rob drove by the house in his car honking all the way. Janet heard it and ran out on the balcony and said "Dad has the car." But I really did not believe it could be so until I saw him drive back to the door. The trunks came the same day but we did not get them until the following day. We had a great time opening them all up.

It is very warm here now and very dusty. The dirt is the finest I have ever seen and the peasant carts passing all day makes a great dust. Every night a lot of hay carts go by loaded with hay. Last night 14 went by to the city.

August 11

Yesterday we took Nasia (the maid) and drove out to a peasant village. It was most interesting. The village sets in a valley. The houses are thick like a lot of mushrooms, very small, made of wood, covered with mud, then white washed over with thatched roofs. There are no streets as such, just dusty roads winding around everywhere. The houses all have fences and high gates. Some fences were woven sticks and others were board fences. It was Sunday so people were sitting on benches outside their fences to visit with one another. The women had their Sunday dresses on with elaborate and brightly colored embroidery. The skirts seem to be wool material, dark in color with bright embroidery at the bottom and the blouse is light colored with more bright embroidery. There were gardens but the horses, cattle, chickens and pigs were all running loose. We saw three wells where everyone got their water. It is difficult to go to the stores or markets as many of them do not have change so one has to purchase enough items to make the money come out even. Sometimes the markets have bedsteads, tables, and chairs or nice dishes or candlesticks that have been taken from homes of nobility.

This collection of letters is in the museum and will provide interesting reading while you host or come to visit. There are many interesting descriptions and customs to learn about during their four-year visit to Russia.

Would you like more on this story in the next issue?

Erection and Dedication of the Soldiers' Monument

By Tom Talpey and (mostly) Others

(Put yourself in the frame of mind of someone listening to a mid-nineteenth century orator and enjoy the rhythm of listening to Governor Frederick Smyth, who must have been one of the great ones.)

In March of 1866 an Association was formed by private citizens in Washington called THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT ASSOCIATION, for the "purpose of erecting a suitable Monument to the memory of those soldiers who went from the town of Washington and lost their lives in the service of their country during the war of the great rebellion." The minutes of this group are contained in a small booklet now in the Town Archives. Their first meeting was held at "Henry Train's Inn" (*1886 History of Washington* states that "He was for a time the popular landlord of the Lovell House" but we have not been able to confirm the dates) with Martin Chase serving as President. This group held festivals and solicited donations for the project and contracted with David Blanchard of Concord to furnish the monument. On Sept. 5, 1867, the finished monument was drawn by oxen from the train station in Hillsboro Bridge. On the following day the base stone was set in place and the erection of the entire monument was completed on Sept. 7th. Estimated cost of the whole project was \$2000 in 1867—equivalent to about \$33,000 in today's currency. And they turned over to the G. A. R. \$30 which remained for the up-keep of the surroundings.

From the Association minutes

"Pursuant to Notice given by the Directors [of the Association], the citizens of Washington met at the [Tubbs Union] Academy room and arrangements for the dedication of the Soldiers' Monument and a Social Levee, to be held on the 16th of Oct. next." Martin Chase was President of the day, Gov. Harriman and Ex-Gov. Frederick Smyth were both present. Quoting from the *1886 History Of Washington*: "It was one of the red-letter days of the town which no citizen has ever had cause to regret."

We have a copy of a letter written a couple of days after the ceremony by Julia Jones Duncan, who grew up in East Washington and after the Civil War married General Samuel Duncan, describing the dedication day. The General was away on business and she was visiting at her family's house, (Solomon E. Jones) in their home in East Washington. Ex-Governor Smyth was a friend of her family and stayed at their home when he came to speak at the event. She relates: "On Tuesday Gov. Smyth unaccompanied by his better half came to spend the night with us. On Wednesday Jo Hosley took his large team and carried our family & others to Washington [to the dedication]."

In an 1885 book entitled *Sketches of the Life and Public Services of Frederick Smyth* I found the following, somewhat flowery by Washington's standards, account, which I quote verbatim: "Ex-Governor Smyth was invited to deliver the address at the dedicationA clear and beautiful Indian summer day lent an additional charm to all the exercises, which were witnessed by a large concourse of people. The sturdy and intelligent yeomanry left their fields, the artisans closed their shops, and

the operatives in the factories joined the throng which congregated to pay their respects to the memory of those who had died that their country might live. The lovely village of Washington was handsomely decorated for the occasion, with flags waving across the streets and from the principal buildings. A procession, in which marched about fifty returned soldiers, escorted the orator of the day and other distinguished guests to a platform erected in front of the monument. Hon. Martin Chase, president of the day, made some interesting remarks, giving a history of the collection of funds for the erection of the monument, followed by a fervent prayer by Rev. S. L. Gerould, of Stoddard, late a member of the Fourteenth New Hampshire Infantry. The president of the day then introduced as the orator of the occasion ex-Governor Smyth, who was greeted as he rose with three hearty cheers. He then spoke as follows:--

Friends and Fellow Citizens: On an occasion so sad and yet so joyous, so mingled with the elements of grief and of thanksgiving, it would be a difficult task, even for one accomplished in all the graces of oratory, to rise to a full comprehension of that sublime height reached by our sacred dead; still less can I hope to find words to set forth the splendor of their deeds, or pay any fitting tribute to the value of their services.

Happily, there is little need to tell you what you have lost or what the country has gained. These soldiers went out from among you, from their homes and farms and firesides, from the altar and the church, to do battle for their country. You knew them well. They were no mercenary hirelings, but citizens like yourselves, bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh: now, alas! missed forever from these loved and peaceful scenes, these happy homes and bright northern skies, these hills that rose to their thoughts on the long, weary marches, and inspired their dreams with thoughts of home. Lost to sight, but not forgotten, they live in the institutions they defended, in the aegis of civil liberty they planted, and in the hearts and affections of a great and free people.

The time is yet too recent, and the tossing of the great struggle too much felt, to take a just view of the acts of those we meet to honor: but already multitudes, through a mist of tears, have seen the bow of promise span the graves of their fallen kindred, and have some true conception of the value of our country and its freedom.

Etc., etc., etc for six more pages!

On motion of E. P. Howard, a vote of thanks was given to ex-Governor Smyth for his eloquent oration and a copy was solicited for publication. Brief addresses were made by other gentlemen and the dedication ceremonies were closed by the returned soldiers, who, headed by ex-Governor Smyth and Colonel King, marched in procession to the monument, where, with uncovered heads, they deposited sprigs of evergreen as emblematical of their constant affection for their departed comrades, the band meanwhile playing a solemn dirge. This closed the dedication exercises.

Following the dedication a Levee was held in the Meetinghouse, which lasted until 2 AM! Continuing with the account of Julia Jones Duncan, she stayed until the end on Thursday morning and took the carriage back to East Washington in the middle of the night, where she slept briefly and had breakfast. The Gov. left about Thursday noon "and since then we have spent the time mostly sleeping."

Washington Historical Society Officers

President:	Phil Barker (495-3640)	⋮	Barn Committee:	Phil Barker Richard Crane, advisory
Vice President:	Jack Sheehy (495-3066)		Museum Committee:	Charlotte Treadwell Gwen Gaskell
Treasurer:	Elaine Crandall (495-3416)		Museum Aides:	Natalie Jurson Gail Revane
Secretary:	Marion Baker		Newsletter Committee:	Gwen Gaskell Tom Talpey Barbara Gaskell Betty Talpey
Archivist:	Gwen Gaskell (495-3231)		Program/Publicity Committee:	Jack Sheehy Jim Crandall
Board of Directors	Bob Evans (495-1060) Jim Crandall (495-3416) Tom Talpey (495-3284)			
Auditor:	Charlie Fields			
Webmaster:	Brett Kellerman			

Email: washingtonnhhistoricalsociety@hotmail.com

Yes, we have an email address and would like to hear from you about any issue that you feel concerns the Washington Historical Society. We are always open to suggestions for programs that would be of interest for future meetings or things that would enhance our purposes.

Also, we would like your email address so that we might send notices of upcoming programs or events. We are considering sending future newsletters by email to make things easier and less expensive for us and quicker for you. The best way for us to get your accurate address would be for you to send us an email, Thanks for doing so.

ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP DUES are \$5 for an individual and \$10 for a family (including children under 16). The membership year is August 1, 2013 through July 31, 2014. If you haven't sent us a payment since last June, your membership may have lapsed. In that case there will be a reminder note slipped into this newsletter; if our records are not correct please let us know. We appreciate your continued interest and support of our projects. New members are always welcome. If you would like to join us as a member, please complete the form below and send to THE WASHINGTON HISTORICAL SOCIETY, P.O. Box 90, Washington, N.H., 03280. If you know of someone who might be interested in our newsletter, please let us know or pass this one on to them.

Name: _____

Participating family names: _____

Mailing address: _____

Zip Code: _____

Phone No. Winter: _____ Summer: _____

Email _____

PLEASE NOTE: As a non-profit historical society, we qualify with many companies for matching grants provided the company you work for, or are retired from, supports such benefits.

The Soldiers' Monument in Washington, NH

Read the story of its erection and dedication on page 9

The names which appear on the monument

J. Langdon Mellen	21 years
Henry L. Jones	19 years
Samuel D. Monroe	22 years
Lewis A. Powers	24 years
J. Henry Mellen	25 years
Hamilton Wilkins	19 years
David Ritter	47 years
Samuel T. Farnsworth	33 years
Moses D. Parker	28 years
Wm. F. Severance	21 years
Henry Crane	44 years
Gilman L. Beckwith	34 years

Image from the Museum postcard collection

